

## your mess is mine by vipertoosths

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**Summary:**

Richie sleeps over at Stan's the day Henry Bowers runs him out of the arcade.

## **your mess is mine**

### **Author's Note:**

- For [golden\\_geese](#), [waggledaggle](#).

I havent written in hhhhh months so thank you to my lovely angel babes Scar & Nat for giving me this prompt.

Stan's fingers hesitate over the switch by his door, eyes straying back to Richie who was lying on his bed, somehow uncharacteristically still and buzzing with tension at the same time.

"Are you waiting for me to do a trick?" Richie asks, not moving his gaze from the ceiling. "Or did you forget how to operate the lightswitch? I can walk you through it, if you need."

Stan sighs and flicks it off, making his way to the bed by the light spilling out from his closet. His friends never mentioned that, never made fun of him for not liking the dark, or Eddie either. They were good that way, in ways that counted.

"The only trick I'm interested in seeing you do is to stop talking," he quipped back as he got in bed. He didn't mean it, of course, but one must keep up appearances.

"You know you love the sound of my voice, Stanno."

"You can't prove that in a court of law. And nobody will be able to prove my hand in your disappearance either if you call me that again."

"You're life would be too boring without me," Richie says, a few seconds too late, and Stan knows he's struck a chord somehow.

"Yeah, it would," he admits, nudging Richie's arm lightly. "What's wrong, Rich?"

"Hm? Just tired. Sweet dreams, Stanley."

He pulls the blanket up a bit higher and watches the side of his friend's face for a bit, wondering if he should push or let it go. Maybe the whole business with Bill and the Losers being split up is getting to him. Richie always puts on a happy face, but he hurts just as much as anyone else.

"Stanley?"

The voice almost makes Stan jump, even though it's only been a few minutes of silence. "Yeah?"

"I think I did something stupid."

Stan's brow furrows. "Stupid how?"

"I was in the arcade today. I asked someone if they wanted to play another game. It was Bowers' cousin." Richie's voice wavers a bit at the end and Stan can tell he's trying to hold himself together.

Whenever Bowers or anyone associated with him is in question, it's pretty easy to guess what happened next. Stan turns onto his side and puts his hand on Richie's arm. "Hey, whatever he said, he's wrong."

Richie shakes his head. "He's not. He's not wrong. What he says about me, about liking other boys...he's not wrong."

"Okay..." Stan says slowly, caught off guard by the admission, but not surprised. "That's okay too. You're not— wrong or gross or whatever those assholes say. You know that, right? Asking someone to play a game with you isn't stupid and neither is liking boys."

Richie sniffs and reaches an arm up to wipe his face. "I went to the kissing bridge after. I..." He pauses again as his breaths pick up. "I carved mine and Eddie's initials on it. What if he sees them, Stan? What if he— What if he finds out? It was so dumb, we walk past there all the time."

"Hey."

Richie keeps rambling, his breaths coming quicker as he talks himself in circles. "What if he sees it? What if he doesn't want to be my friend anymore or— I can't— I just didn't want to be afraid anymore, but I

didn't *think*. He's—"

"*Richie*." Stan shakes his shoulder. "It's okay. It'll be okay. Eddie wouldn't do that. You don't think he'd really do that, do you? Our Eddie? Eddie Kaspbrak? Glued to Richie Tozier's hip Eddie Kaspbrak?"

Richie sniffs again. "Maybe."

"Never," Stan says firmly. "He's not gonna stop being your friend and neither am I." Somewhere deep in his bones, Stan knows that Bill still counts them among his friends too, even if they're on the outs right now.

Quickly, Richie turns and wraps an around him in the briefest of hugs before letting go. "Thanks, Stanley."

"Yeah. You too. For sharing with me." And for trusting him, and being the first one Richie went to, and every minute of friendship between them.

"Don't tell anyone this but...I think you're the best person I know."

Warmth blossoms in Stan's chest and he smiles as he moves onto his back again. "Don't tell anyone either but...I think you're decent."

Richie laughs wetly and affects a bad southern accent. "Why, Stanley, I'm just *peached*. I never knew you felt this way about lil ol' me."

"Go to sleep."

"I swear, I swear, I *neva* had a fella say somethin' so sweet. Why, I could just *kiss* ya."

Stan rolls his eyes, but can't quite wipe the smile from his face. "You sure got over Eddie fast."

Richie gasps loudly. "Heavens to Betsy, I betrayed my first love."

"Shut up, Richie."

"How could I *evah* hope to choose between the two o' ya?"

"I'm not asking you to."

Richie cuddles up to Stan, wide eyes just visible in the dim lighting.  
"Well that just dills my pickle, Mr. Uris."

Stan groans loudly and puts a pillow over his face. "I'm going to make you sleep on the floor."

With a sigh, Richie settles down, forehead still pressed to Stan's shoulder. "Goodnight, Stanley."

Stan stuffs the pillow back under his head and closes his eyes.  
"Goodnight, Richie."